

A SONG

ON

THE BLUES LEAVING YORK.

Written by a Lady in 1767.

HEAV'N prosper long those noble Troops,
Brave GRANBY does command;
For sure no Gen'ral ever rul'd
A more illustrious Band.

With mournfull Hearts we still bewail
That melancholly Day,
When from YORK Town in gracefull Sort
Those Heroes march'd away.

Oh! with what Anguish ev'ry Belle
Their going did deplore;
Ah me! each weeping Beauty cry'd,
We ne'er shall see them more.

What Pen can paint that wretched Night,
Sighing and wakefull spent?
That Night before the fatal Day,
Those well-lov'd Heroes went.

The gallant FRENCH too griev'd to sleep,
Arose at early Day;
And with a melancholly Step,
To SOLVYN's bent his Way:

And thrice he cried, adieu my Fair,-----
Alas! how hard to part;
But though I cannot stay myself,
I leave a constant Heart.

See! see! round lovely DARBY's House,
How eagerly they press;
That they with one dear parting Look
Their raptur'd Eyes may bless.

There VERNON foremost of the Throng,
[A gentle country Youth,]
In plaintive Accents breaths his Flame,
And vows eternal Truth.

Behold his soft, his winning Grace,
His Bosom heaves with Sighs:
While portly STEWART standing near,
Turns up his brimfull Eyes.

But let us leave this mournfull Crowd.
Behold! where BULSTRODE strides:
Him to fair HOBBSON's friendly Dome
A weeping Cupid guides:

Ah hapless Maid! what now avails
Thy long triumphant Reign?
Since You, alas! must lose the Youth,
You took such Pains to gain.

Alas! how many costly Treats
Have here been thrown away!
Nor Love nor hospitable Treats
Can force the Swain to stay.

There sprightly ADAMS moping sits,
With Spleen and Grief oppress'd;
By SABINE late, (a well-bred Youth,)
Distinguish'd from the rest.

E'en richer CROFT for her he left,
Both Rivals for his Heart:
Some-time the precious Gem they shar'd,
But CROFT soon lost her Part.

CLARA's more conqu'ring Charms had long
Finish'd the doubtfull Strife;
And she, (ah! too too cred'ulous Maid,)
Believ'd him fix'd for Life.

Smart little FORD like her laments
Her dear, her favourite Beau.
And who can wonder she shou'd mourn
The Loss of CLITHEROW.

But cruel Fate deaf to their Pray'rs,
 Regardless of their Sighs,
Recall'd the Blessing it but lent,
 And blatted all their Joys.

The Trumpets found, the Standards spread,
 The Troops in Order plac'd;
While in their proper Ranks the Swains
 The gay Procession grac'd.

But first they bid a last Adieu
 To ev'ry weeping Fair,
And swore no other Beauties should
 Their constant Passions share.

With many Words of softest Sound
 They vow'd they ne'er would range;
They ne'er could meet with lovelier Nymphs,
 To tempt their Hearts to change.

Each Fair-one for one last sad Glance,
 All pale and trembling stands,
And as they pass and wave their Swords,
 So wave their lilly Hands.

Solemn and slow the Musick plays,
 They march reluctant on;
The gazing Maids at once exclaim,
 Ah! now, Ah! now, they're gone.

If Fame says true, almost three Hours
 The constant Swains did 'wail:
Three Hours, to Lovers half an Age
 Did mournfull Woe prevail.

Mean-while the now forsaken Nymphs
 A live-long Week did grieve;
E'en 'till another Corps arriv'd,
 Their Sorrows to relieve.

These Troops could not with GRANBY's vie
 Yet still they soon found Grace:
And in the Hearts, that then were void,
 Fill'd up the happy Place.

Now Heav'n preserve our noble King,
 And send He long may reign:
And grant that Love may never give
 Our Maidens too much Pain.

For Men will change, and so should they:
 Then ne'er make Love a Yoke;
But treat it as it re'lly is,
 —[That is to say.]---a Joke.